The Scent Of Infatuation

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The Scent Of Infatuation

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Summary

Fenomeno finds the his trainer's coat lying around, believing he's alone he indulges himself in the smell he loves so much

Notes

This time I'm really gonna do it

Anyways follow me on twitter HAHAHAHAHHA

https://x.com/boaing737?s=21

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

The clock on your desk does exactly what it was designed to do, tick after tick, each second a small, metallic click that count down to a singular, inevitable event. 2:58 PM. Any moment now. You lean back in your chair and let a small, knowing smile play on your lips. Fenomeno was nothing if not punctual. His daily patrol of the academy grounds concluded at 2:55 PM sharp, followed by a mandatory three-minute cooldown walk, and then, at precisely 3:00 PM, he would be at your office door to deliver his report. It was a routine as solid and dependable as he was.

Lately, however, you'd noticed a slight deviation in his mannerisms. A subtle crack in his otherwise impenetrable methodologies, the only reason you had even caught on was from having been around him for so long. You'd catch him staring when he thought you weren't looking, his intense violet eyes softened with an emotion you couldn't quite place. Sometimes, after a training session, he'd linger just a second too long when taking a water bottle from your hands, his large fingers brushing against yours, sending a strange jolt through you both. He'd flinch back as if burned, his ears flattening against his hat, stammering an apology for a breach in conduct that only he perceived.

You had a theory. A rather bold one, but a theory nonetheless. Today, you decided, was the day for a little unsanctioned surveillance.

Pushing yourself up from the desk, you shrug off the light coat you'd been wearing. It wasn't particularly cold in the office, but you'd worn it all morning for a reason. You drape it carefully over the back of your chair, making sure the collar is facing outward. The fabric still holds your warmth, a faint trace of your personal scent clinging to the threads. Bait.

With a final glance around the office, you slip over to the tall supply closet tucked into the corner of the room. The hinges are silent as you pull the heavy wooden door open and slide into the cramped darkness within.You pull the door shut until only a hairsbreadth of a crack remains, a perfect vertical slit that gives you a clear, unobstructed view of your desk and the office door. You hold your breath, your heart thrumming with a mixture of mischief and anticipation.

The clock on the wall, visible through the crack, ticks to 3:00 PM. Not a second later, three heavy, decisive knocks rattle the office door.

“Boss!” His voice is a deep, formal baritone that vibrates right through the wood. “Fenomeno, reporting for daily debriefing! Requesting permission to enter!”

Silence. You remain perfectly still, a predator in your dark little hideout.

A few seconds of quiet pass, part of whatever procedure he’s formed in his mind. You can practically feel his confusion radiating through the door.

“...Boss?” His voice is a little less certain now, a note of concern creeping in. “Are you present? Your presence is requested for my scheduled report.”

Again, you offer only silence. You watch the doorknob, seeing it jiggle slightly. You hear the faint click of the latch as he pushes the door open with practiced caution, as if expecting to find a crime scene in progress.

His massive frame fills the doorway, his broad shoulders nearly scraping both sides of the frame. He has to duck his head slightly to clear the top, his hat held respectfully in one hand. Those piercing violet eyes sweep the room with methodical precision, his gaze sharp. His tail giving a single, inquisitive swish behind him.

“Hm, not here,” he murmurs to himself, his voice a low rumble. He takes a full step inside, letting the door swing shut behind him. “That’s… strange. I wasn’t informed of any scheduled appointments…”

He walks toward your desk, his movements quiet for a being of his size. His eyes scan every surface—the neat stacks of paperwork, your pen lying next to a half-finished cup of coffee, the monitor sleeping on the desk. He is the picture of a diligent officer investigating a disturbance. Then, his eyes land on the coat.

He stops dead.

From your vantage point, you see his entire body go rigid. His gaze fixes on the garment hanging from the chair as if it were the most fascinating, most illicit object in the entire world. His ears, which had been swiveling to catch any ambient sound, pivot forward and lock into place, aimed directly at the coat.

“Ngh…” A choked sound escapes his throat, low and strained.

He takes a hesitant step closer, his eyes staring. A deep flush, a fascinating shade of crimson, begins to creep up from the collar of his uniform, painting his neck and ears. He glances around the room, his gaze darting to the windows, the corners, the closed closet door. He's checking for witnesses, ensuring the scene is secure. You hold your breath, pressing your back against the wall of the closet, convinced the frantic pounding of your heart will give you away.

Apparently satisfied he's alone, he turns his full attention back to the coat. He slowly reaches out a large hand. His fingers tremble slightly as they hover over the fabric before finally making contact. He strokes the material of the shoulder, his touch so light it's almost a caress. His lips part slightly, a ragged breath escaping him.

He looks so profoundly embarrassed, so utterly conflicted, it's almost painful to watch. His duty and discipline are warring with a much more primal, overwhelming urge. And the urge is winning.

With another furtive glance around the empty room, he gives in. He gently lifts the coat from the chair, handling it with more care than he would a priceless artifact. He brings the garment closer, his eyes screwing shut as if in shame. His entire body is coiled tight with tension, a maelstrom of longing and guilt playing out on his face. He lifts the collar of the coat, the place where your scent would be strongest, and presses it to his face.

He inhales.

It's not a simple sniff. It is a deep, shuddering breath that seems to draw the very essence of you into his lungs. His shoulders heave with the force of it. A low, guttural groan rumbles in his chest, a sound of pure, unadulterated bliss that he immediately tries to stifle. His tail, which had been still, now lashes through the air once, a powerful, involuntary motion.

He keeps the coat pressed to his face, his knuckles white where he grips the fabric. He's completely lost in the moment, drowning in the scent, the raw adoration starkly visible in the tense line of his jaw and the fierce heat coloring his cheeks.

And you, hidden in the darkness, watch it all, your own breath caught in your throat. Your theory, it seemed, was not only correct—it was a staggering understatement.

Seconds stretch into minutes as you watch Fenomeno, utterly transfixed by the raw, private spectacle unfolding just a few feet away.

He doesn't move from his spot, simply stands there, your coat clutched to his face like a relic. The initial, shuddering inhale has given way to a series of smaller, more desperate huffs of breath against the fabric.

A low, pathetic whimper escapes his throat, a sound completely at odds with his usual booming, authoritative voice. It's the sound of a creature in the throes of an overwhelming need. His eyes are still squeezed shut, his wild hair plastered to his brow with a thin sheen of sweat.

"Boss…" he breathes out again, speaking into your coat. "Ah… Boss…"

He shifts his weight, his heavy boots scuffing softly on the floor. His free hand, the one not gripping the coat, clenches and unclenches at his side, his knuckles straining. From your narrow vantage point, you see the muscles in his powerful forearm bunch and release with the motion.

His breathing grows heavier, deeper, turning into ragged pants that fill the otherwise silent office. He turns his head slightly, rubbing his cheek against the soft material of your coat, his tail giving another powerful, agitated lash behind him. As he moves, your eyes are drawn downward, and your breath catches in your own throat.

The front of his uniform pants is no longer flat. A prominent strain is rising against the heavy fabric, an undeniable testament to the effect your scent is having on him. It's growing with an alarming speed, stretching the material taut, creating an impressive, frankly intimidating bulge that speaks to the sheer scale of his frame. Seeing the disciplined, almost rigid lines of his uniform so thoroughly disrupted by such a carnal display is a dizzying sight. His flushed, desperate expression, the way his lips are parted as he pants your name… it's a strange and potent mix of overwhelming horniness and his inherent earnestness that you find, to your own shock, devastatingly cute.

He seems to become acutely aware of his own body's betrayal. A fresh wave of heat visibly floods his face. He groans, a low and miserable sound, and stumbles forward a step, bracing his free hand against the edge of your desk as if his legs can no longer support him. The movement only serves to jut his hips forward slightly, making the enormous erection straining against his pants even more pronounced.

“Ah… Boss, please… if you were here…” he whispers to the coat, his voice full of arousal. He’s completely lost it, talking to you as if you’re right there with him, held in his hands. “I just… I need…”

The hand braced on the desk lifts, shaking, and begins a slow, agonizing journey downward. It travels over the tactical harness strapped across his chest, past the thick belt cinching his waist, and finally comes to rest at the base of that massive, fabric-wrapped hardness. He hesitates for a fraction of a second, his entire body trembling, before his hand cups himself fully.

“Nngh… Boss…” he grunts.

His fingers curl, gripping the thick, heavy shaft through the layers of his uniform. He’s not being gentle. It’s a desperate, needy grope, his hand squeezing and kneading himself with a clumsy urgency. The sheer size of him is staggering; his hand barely encompasses his length. You can see the whole outline now, pressing against the fabric as he works his hand up and down in rough, friction-heavy strokes.

He starts to move his hips in a slow, instinctive rhythm. He’s completely given over to the sensation, his disciplined mind taking a backseat to the lust he was feeling right now.

“Feels… so good… Boss…” he pants, his voice cracking. “Your scent… it’s everywhere… Ah! Right here… you’re always watching me, aren’t you? Guiding me… Please… watch me now…”

His pleas hang in the air, a shocking, intimate confession meant for no one but the ghost of you he’s inhaling from a piece of clothing. And you, the real you, stand hidden in the suffocating darkness of the closet, your own body buzzing with a strange, forbidden heat, watching every single moment.

The pressure of his own hand, muffled by the thick uniform fabric, is clearly not enough. A sound akin to slight frustration drips from Meno’s throat, a low growl that makes the hair on your arms stand up. He pushes off the desk only to press himself back against it more forcefully, grinding his hips against the hard wood in a desperate, friction-seeking rhythm. The heavy desk groans under his weight, the objects on its surface rattling with the force of his movements.

“Nngh… Boss… it’s…” he chokes out, his voice strained. He’s working himself into a frenzy, the scent from your coat driving him completely over the edge. “I need to feel it… need to… for you…”

His frantic grinding ceases as he makes a decision. With a shuddering gasp, he fumbles with the front of his pants. From your hidden viewpoint, you hear the rasp of a zipper being puled downwards with frantic haste. He shoves the front of his pants down, his movements clumsy and uncoordinated, bunching the material around his upper thighs.

Now, only a thin layer of simple, light grey athletic underwear stands between his raging erection and the open air. And it is losing the battle spectacularly. The fabric is strained to its absolute limit, stretched thin and semi-transparent over a colossal, straining bulge. It struggles valiantly to contain the size of him, the seams looking like they might tear under the pressure. At the very tip, a dark, wet splotch has already permeated the material, a glistening patch of precum that proves just how long he's been on the edge.

He pants, his head thrown back, staring at the ceiling as if begging for forgiveness. "Boss… don't… don't… look at me… your subordinate… is just…" he whimpers, his voice cracking with a mixture of shame and unbearable pleasure.

He can't take it anymore. He hooks his thumbs into the straining waistband of his underwear, and with a single, desperate motion, shoves them down.

His cock springs free. It's absolutely huge, thick as your wrist and long, jutting out from his body at a sharp upward angle. A network of veins pulses along the length of the shaft, which is flushed light red. The head is slick already, a glistening bead of clear, sticky pre-cum welling at the tip before slowly dripping down the side. Tucked beneath the massive shaft is a pair of equally impressive balls, held tight against his body in their sheer, unadulterated need.

A shaky breath rattles in his chest. He still has your coat clutched in his left hand, and he brings it back to his nose, inhaling your scent deeply as if it's the only thing keeping him tethered to reality. Then, his right hand, which had been trembling at his side, comes up and wraps around the base of his cock.

"Ah…! Mmmhn…" he gasps as his gloved hand makes contact with his own skin. The sound is entirely different now—sharper, clearer in its neediness.

He begins to stroke himself. His movements are slow at first, his large hand gliding up the thick length. He watches his own hand on his

cock, a dazed, fascinated expression on his face, as if he can't believe what he's doing.

"So… sensitive… Boss…" he moans, his voice barely a whisper. "This is… such a violation of conduct… a severe infraction… Nghh…"

He picks up the pace, his strokes becoming faster, firmer, his knuckles rubbing against his straining balls with each pass. The desperate, wet sounds of his hand sliding over his shaft fill the room, an obscene soundtrack to the secret show you're witnessing. He buries his face back in your coat, his words muffled by the fabric as his hips begin to buck in time with his hand.

"Boss… Boss, please… forgive me… I'd do anything for you… Let me… let me be this undisciplined… just for you… just this once… ah, mgnnh—"

The stuffy air in the closet has grown hot, mirroring the heat coiling low in your own gut. You press a hand over your mouth, stifling the sound of your own quickening breath. Watching him, this paragon of discipline and order, so completely undone and utterly consumed by a lust that is centered entirely on you, is the most powerfully erotic thing you have ever witnessed. His desperate pleas of "Boss" are a drumbeat against your sanity. A flush creeps up your neck, and you can feel your heart hammering against your ribs, a frantic rhythm that matches the slick, wet sounds of his hand working his dick.

He's completely lost to the world, a slave to his senses. The hand not occupied with his frantic masturbation is still clutching your coat, but his grip is so tight his knuckles are white. His hips thrust against his own fist in a powerful, driving rhythm, fucking his hand. Sweat drips from his temples, running in rivulets down his neck and disappearing into the collar of his disheveled uniform.

"So close… Boss… Ah!… Almost there… B-boss… I…" he gasps, his violet eyes glazed over, staring at nothing. He's right on the precipice, his whole body trembling with the imminent, violent pleasure.

In a moment of final, desperate clarity, he seems to decide that the scent alone is no longer a sufficient tribute. He needs a target. He needs an altar. With a groan, he releases his death grip on your coat and practically throws it onto the surface of your desk. He uses his hands to smooth it out, a shockingly delicate gesture in the midst of his frenzied state. The dark fabric lies spread open.

Bracing himself with both hands on the desk, he looms over the

garment, his enormous, dripping cock aimed directly at its center. His back is to you now, the powerful muscles of his shoulders and back flexing with every movement. He resumes his frantic pace, his body coiled like a spring, his knuckles white where he grips the edge of the desk. The end is coming.

This is it. This is the moment.

You don't want him to finish alone in his fantasy. You want him to see you.

The closet door opens with a barely audible click. You take a single, silent step out onto the floor. He's so lost in his climax that he doesn't hear you. You let the silence hang for a beat, watching the tremors rack his powerful frame. Then, you speak, your voice cutting cleanly through the haze of his lust.

"Meno," you say, your tone calm, inquisitive even. "What are you doing?"

His entire body seizes as if struck by lightning. His head whips around, his eyes wide with a terror so profound it momentarily eclipses his arousal. He sees you. Standing there. Not a fantasy, not a scent on a piece of clothing, but you. Real. And watching him.

Panic floods his features. His mouth opens and closes like a fish, his mind scrambling for a regulation, a protocol, anything to explain the inexplicable.

"B-BOSS!?" he stammers, his voice cracking in a mortified squeak. "I… This is… I was just– a uh… a stress-test of… of personal vigilance! A… a disciplinary… Nghh!"

It's too late. His desperate, nonsensical explanation is cut short by a little drawn out whine that is pulling from the very depths of his soul. His back arches violently, his hips slamming forward in a single, unstoppable spasm. He's over the edge, and your sudden appearance has just pushed him into a cataclysmic, point-of-no-return orgasm.

He ejaculates with breathtaking force.

Thick, white ropes of cum shoot from the head of his penis, splattering across the dark fabric of your coat in a shocking, obscene pattern. A second and third pulse follows, just as powerful, lacing obscene white patterns over the material he had been cherishing just moments before. He's still going, his body locked in the throes of it, a

continuous stream of his release painting your coat in the evidence of his depraved activities.

The sounds he makes are a wretched mix of overwhelming pleasure and soul-crushing despair. He squeezes his eyes shut, his head dropping forward as his powerful frame is wracked with the final, shuddering aftershocks. He can’t stop it, can’t hide it, and he can’t look at you. All he can do is hunch over the desk in utter humiliation, still leaking his seed onto the aftermath of his crime, completely and utterly caught.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Oughhhh

The silence in the room is deafening, broken only by Meno's ragged, hitching breaths and the faint, wet sound of the last of his seed dripping onto your coat. He's frozen in a tableau of pure, unadulterated shame, hunched over, his hands braced on the desk, and his pants a useless burden around his thighs. His massive, cock, still hard and twitching, is completely exposed, glistening with his own release and your name on his lips.

You let the moment stretch, as long and drawn out as you can force it to be. You remain perfectly still, allowing the full weight of his transgression—and his discovery—to settle on his shoulders. He's trembling, a fine, full-body tremor that speaks to the violent overload of his senses.

Slowly, you begin to move. Your footsteps are deliberate, echoing softly on the hardwood floor as you walk a slow, appraising circle around him. You move past his hip, your eyes tracing the line of his flank, the damp underwear pooled in his pants, the way his tail is tucked between his legs in a posture of complete and utter submission. He flinches as you pass, but doesn't dare to move, doesn't dare to look at you.

You stop at the desk, right beside his hunched form, and look down at the "crime scene." Your coat is ruined, hopelessly defiled, plastered with thick, sticky ropes of his potent cum.

"Tsk, tsk," you murmur, your voice a low, casual sound that makes him jolt. "Officer Fenomeno. What a mess."

You lean in closer, inspecting the coat as if it were evidence. "My goodness. This is… a significant amount of… 'evidence.' A very clear violation. You've completely desecrated your Boss's personal property."

"B-Boss…" His voice is a low, muffled groan, his face pressed so hard into the crook of his arm that his words are barely intelligible. "I… I offer no… excuses. My conduct was… unpardonable…"

"Unpardonable, you say?" you hum, tapping a finger on the desk right next to a puddle of his spillage. He flinches at the sound. "I don't know, Meno. I'm going to need a full report on this. You were conducting an 'investigation,' were you not? What, exactly, were your findings? You seemed to be... interrogating that coat quite thoroughly."

“Nghh… please… Boss, I beg you…” he whimpers, the sound pathetic. He’s still so sensitive, the aftershocks of his orgasm rolling through him, and your teasing is clearly agonizing. He won't meet your eyes, can't even lift his head.

You continue your patrol, your circle completing as you come to a stop directly behind him. He tenses, his entire body going rigid. He can feel your presence, your heat, right at his back. He’s completely exposed to you. Defenseless.

"You're right about one thing, Meno," you say softly, your voice right by his ear. He shudders violently. "This is a serious infraction."

You press yourself against him. He gasps, his back flush against your chest. He can feel your smaller, slighter frame against his, a contrast in size but not in authority. Then, you reach around his hips, your hands sliding over the strained straps and the bunched-up fabric. His breath hitches.

Your hands find their target. You wrap your fingers around the base of his cock.

"Ah—! B-boss—" he cries out, a sharp, alarmed sound. He tries to pull away, a reflexive spasm of shame, but you hold him firm, your body braced against his. Your grip is hard, encasing his thick, wet, and still-warm flesh. It’s sticky, slick with his own cum, and it's so, so big in your hand. Even in its diminished state, it’s a handful. As you hold him, it gives a pathetic, involuntary twitch, still painfully sensitive.

"Shh, shh," you soothe, your other hand coming up to rest on his hip, holding him in place. You give his cock a light, teasing squeeze, and he groans, his knees buckling slightly.

"So sensitive," you murmur, rubbing your thumb over the head. "You've made such a filthy mess, Meno. All over my things. And right here in my office, while I was watching." You feel another tremor run through him, a jolt of arousal warring with his humiliation.

"A truly blatant crime, committed right in front of your superior

officer," you whisper, your lips brushing the shell of his flattened ear. "You know the rules better than anyone. Such a violation… it can't go unpunished."

You give him another slow squeeze, feeling him begin to swell reflexively in your hand. "So tell me, Officer… what should I do with you? Should I punish you for being such a bad boy?"

Your hand is a cruel, knowing thing. You don't immediately start stroking him, not yet. That would be too merciful. Instead, you just hold him, your fingers wrapped around his cock, smearing the sticky remnants of his climax over his shaft. He's so painfully sensitive that even this light grip makes him whine, a low, miserable sound in the back of his throat.

"Nghh… Boss, please… don't… I'm… I'm…" he chokes out, his head still bowed in utter defeat. His massive frame is trembling under your touch, a pathetic combination of post-orgasmic jitters and fresh, unwelcome arousal.

"You're?" you hum, your voice a low purr. You feel him shudder. "I don't know, Meno. I'm just inspecting the crime scene. Standard procedure, right? You're all about procedure." You move your thumb, deliberately tracing the wide, wet slit at the head of his cock.

"Ah!" He cries out, his hips jerking back, but you hold him firm, your body pressed against his back, trapping him. That simple, innocent touch sends a jolt through him, and you feel it, clear as day: the heavy, defiant pulse of that throbbing slab of meat.

"Oh?" you tease, a smile in your voice. "Still so responsive. Even after making such a scene." You give him a light squeeze, and he lets out a sound that's half-groan, half-sob. "You really are a monster, Meno. All that stamina isn't just for the track, is it? You're already recovering."

"No… Boss, it's not— " he stammers, his mind scrambling for an explanation.

"Just a reflex, right?" Your other hand, which had been resting on his hip, begins to move. You slide it downward, over the curve of his ass. Even through the bunched-up fabric, his muscles are rock-hard, clenched tight with humiliation. You grope him, giving one heavy cheek a firm squeeze.

"Nngh!" He bucks against you, the sound ripped from his chest.

“Is this a reflex, too?” you whisper. “What about this?” Your hand on his cock finally moves, giving him a single, slow stroke, sliding from the base all the way to the super sensitive head. His own ejaculate acting as a perfect lubricant.

A high moan escapes him. His dick hardening in your grasp, swelling to fill your palm, pushing back against your touch. It’s thick, heavy, and already aching for more.

“You liked it, didn't you?” you murmur, starting a slow, teasing rhythm, just barely grazing him. “You liked me watching you. You liked ruining my coat. You’ve been thinking about this, haven't you? Thinking about your 'Boss' in… filthy ways.”

“No!” he pants, his voice cracking. “I… I respect you! More than anyone! I—”

“It looks like it was premeditated to me, Meno,” you say, your hand stopping, gripping him tightly, frustratingly. “And now, you’re caught. And you’re hard again. In my hand. So you’re going to stop lying, and you’re going to tell me. What do you really think about when you’re supposed to be training? What do you want?”

He’s silent, his body vibrating with tension. He’s fighting, but he’s losing. The combination of your hand on his cock, your other hand groping his ass, your body pressed against his back, and the undeniable evidence of his "crime" right in front of him is too much.

“Tell me, Meno,” you demand, your voice soft but clearly sharp. “Or I walk away. I’ll leave you just like this. Half-undressed, covered in your own mess, hard and aching. And you can explain to the laundry staff what happened to my coat.”

That threat, the threat of abandonment and humiliation, shatters his remaining composure.

“No!” he wails, the sound desperate, terrified. “Please, Boss, don’t… don’t leave me! Please!”

“Then talk,” you command, giving him a cruel, twisting squeeze.

“I… I… I want…” A sob shakes his entire frame. “I want you, Boss! I want you to… to touch me! Like this!” His confession comes out in a broken, miserable rush. “I… I think about it all the time! When you praise me… when you pat my shoulder… when you… when you just look at me! I want to be… your officer! I want you to… to punish me

for it! Please, Boss, I'm… I'm so sorry… please…"

He's begging, whining, his hips starting to push back against your hand, a pathetic, instinctive thrust. He's a complete and total wreck, and he's all yours.

"There it is," you whisper, a note of triumph in your voice. "The full confession."

Your hand, which had been holding him hostage, now changes. The grip becomes fully assured. You begin to stroke him in earnest, your hand sliding up and down his massive, wet shaft in a steady, powerful rhythm. His hips immediately slam back against your hand, chasing the friction.

"Ah! Yes! Boss!" he cries out, his head finally lifting, his back arching as pure, unadulterated pleasure rockets through him.

"Pathetic," you murmur, even as you quicken your pace. Your other hand moves from his ass, sliding up his back, your nails lightly scratching his damp skin through his undershirt, making him arch even more. "Absolutely pathetic. Begging your Boss to jack you off. And after I just caught you. You have no self-control at all, do you?"

"N-no! I don't… I-I'm sorry Bossss—" he screams, his voice raw. He's completely lost it. He's grinding back into your hand, his breath coming in short, sharp pants.

"That's it," you encourage him, your hand a blur of motion, gracing his enormous cock, wringing the pleasure from him. "Show me. Show me how much you want it. Show me how undisciplined you really are for your Boss…"

"You love this, don't you?" you murmur, your voice a cruel, seductive purr against his ear. Your hand is a relentless engine on his cock. "All that discipline, all that protocol… it's just a cage. And you've been dying for your Boss to come and unlock it."

"Nngh! Yes!" he sobs, the confession torn from him. "Please, Boss… it feels so good… Your hand…!"

"My hand? What about it?" you taunt, your other hand sliding from his back, around his side, to grope at the heavy pectoral muscle on his chest. You pinch his nipple through his thin undershirt, and he whines. "You wanted me to watch? You wanted me to catch you? You wanted me to touch you? You're just a filthy, needy pervert, aren't

you, Meno?”

“Yes! Yes, I am!” he moans, his voice cracking. The pressure is building again, impossibly fast, a second, more desperate wave of pleasure. He’s so close, his breath coming in short, sharp, bird-like chirps. “Boss, I’m… I’m gonna…! Nnghh!”

“That’s it,” you command, your voice dropping to a low, authoritative growl. “Give it to me. Again. Show me how undisciplined you are. Cum for your Boss.”

With a convulsive, full-body heave, he slams back into your hand one last time, a long moan twining out, louder than the first.

“BOSSSSS!”

His second orgasm rips through him with even more violence than the first. He’s not just cumming; he’s erupting. Hot, thick streams of cum shoot from his still-throbbing cock, splattering all over the desk, adding a fresh layer of his release to the already-defiled coat. He groans, a long, drawn-out sound of pure, system-overloading bliss as his body is wracked with pulse after pulse, emptying himself completely at your command.

He’s panting, his entire frame shuddering with the aftershocks. The air is thick with the sharp, musky scent of his exertions. Your hand is drenched, covered in his offering. Slowly, you pull your hand away, the slick sound of your skin leaving his wet, hypersensitive flesh making him whine in protest.

You let go.

Without your body bracing him, his legs give out. He doesn't fall, but his knees buckle violently, and he has to splay both hands flat on the desk to keep himself upright. He’s a wreck. A magnificent, trembling, humiliated wreck, head hung low, his tail limp, his pants pooled around his thighs, and his massive, spent dick glistening and dripping.

You step back, taking a moment to appreciate your handiwork. Then, you walk slowly around him, your footsteps the only sound in the room besides his ragged gasps. He flinches as you come into his field of vision, his eyes squeezed shut, unable to meet your gaze.

You stop in front of him, standing between him and the door, his only escape. You look down at the desk, at the absolute warzone he’s created on your coat. It’s completely and utterly ruined.

“My, my, Meno,” you say, your voice laced with a cool amusement. “A repeat offender. You’ve doubled down on your crime. What does the manual say about that?”

“I… I…” He can’t form a word.

You raise your hand—the one you used on him—and look at it, slick and dripping. Then, you turn your attention back to the coat. You extend a single finger and slowly trace it through the freshest, thickest puddle of his cum. A white globule clings to your fingertip.

His eyes snap open. He sees what you’re doing, and a small sound of horror escapes his throat. “B-Boss… what… no, don’t…”

You lift the finger, inspecting the pearlescent fluid. Then, ignoring his plea, you bring it to your mouth and slowly, deliberately, lick it clean. You hum, a small, thoughtful sound, as you savor the taste.

“You wipe your hands on a nearby tissue. “Alright, Officer,” you say, your voice shifting back to one of authority. “That’s enough… assessment for one day.”

“...Boss?” he asks, his voice small.

“Report to my office tomorrow morning. 0900 sharp,” you say, your voice flat.

He looks terrified. “For… for my official reprimand…?”

A slow smile touches your lips. “No, Meno. For the next phase of your disciplinary training. We've only just identified the problem. Tomorrow… we begin the correction.”

He stares at you, a complex, agonizing mix of fear and hope in his eyes.

“...Yes, Boss,” he breathes, his voice full of reverence. “I’ll be there. Thank you, Boss.”

He turns and all but flees down the hallway. You watch him go, then slowly close your door, the faint, satisfied smile still on your face.

End Notes

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

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